### THE POORHOUSE.

A Motley Picture, Where Crime, Misery, and Weakness Are Painted in Somber Colors.

The Man Who Made and Keeps His Own Coffin.

Judges, Commodores, Cripples, and Criminals Meeting on the Same Level.

Representatives from Tewksbury in the

Washington Almshouse, "You should take a trip out among the

dead, the dying, the convicts, and the paupers," said a prominent police official to a Kepublican reporter yesterday.
"Where can I find such a combination as

that?" asked the reporter. "In the city workhouse, almshouse, and deadhouse," was the reply, "They are all togother, and will doubt ess furnish much in-teresting reading matter."

The reporter acted on the suggestion and

trudged out over the snow-clad fields and muddy roads of extreme East Washington toward Superintendent Stoughtenbergh's set-tlement. At the workhouse door the re-porter was met by an old Irish watchman, who has guarded the portals of that institu-tion for many year.

tion for many years.
"Yes," he said, with a strong Irish accent, in answer to an inquiry, "many queer people are brought here. An old southern judge used to be among our regular callers. He was from a very fine southern family. But the old judge made his last trip to the workthe old judge made his last trip to the work-house several months ago. He died in the van while on his way to 'put in some more time.' Another distinguished visitor was a whilom stately old commodore in the con-federate navy. Then there was also a former brevet brigadier general of New York volun-teers, and foveral ex-regular army officers."

The reporter was then shown through the

The reporter was then shown through the building by Supt. Stoutenburgh. The rooms were found comfortably furnished and well kept. Nearly three zeros of walls are white-washed daily by the convicts and the entire structure is comfortably heated by a system of steam registers. When the prisoners arrive from the police court they are intro-duced to the bath room, where they are compelled to bathe and change clothing. Their tramp uniforms are steamed and put away until the sentence expires and striped prison suits are furnished them. The food consists of corn and wheat bread, fish, meat, soup, and coffee. A dark dungeon in the cellar is used only in extreme cases. In fact, to use the superintendent's expression "the to use the superintendent's expression, "the accommodations are so good that some of the prisoners have termed the institution their government boarding house." Since we have put them to work on the streets, however, it comes rather hard on some of the old broken up tramps, who are totally unacquainted with either shovel or pickax. There is a gang of sixty or seventy of them now at work on the

The reporter found many quoer cases in the The reporter found many queer cases in the workhouse. Among the number was Lewis Coombs, who is serving out a term for vagrancy. He is a very old man, with a frowsy head of white hair, that ill became his striped prison garb. "I was considered a remarkable man at one time," he said, "but I have met with reverses. By profession I am have meet with reverses. By profession I am a copper and steel plate printer. I did all of the government work in this city, such as engrossing congressional bills, &c., from 1826 to 1850. It was I who printed all of those beautiful frontis pieces for the famous silk

Another character is Edward Johnson, a very old colored man, known as the shaving gatherer. His occupation when not incar-cerated is to gather shavings from about carpenter shops and sell them to families for kindling. But "Uncle Ed" is an habitual drunkard, and when in that condition uses a great amount of profanity, consequently is frequently gathered in by the police.

Mary Nuttrell, a debauched looking white woman, it is a regular habitue of the work-house. It is claimed that she has drunk enough liquor in her lifetime to float an iron-Mary has eaten eighteen Christmas rs in the institution in which she is

ow confined.

An old tailer is another odd character. He has spent many terms in the workhouse, where he was found yesterday working hard at patching zebra uniforms.

at patching zeera uniforms.

The female prisoners are generally a hard looking set, and nearly all of them chew to-bacco. None of them have ever been known to refuse the ration of tobacco, issued twice a week. A new feature of the institution is school recently established, where the nvenile prisoners are taught the elementary English branches. Referring to the charges agrinst the prison-

ers, the superintendent said that a majority of them were vagrants. Many belong to the class known as professional criminals. They are men who go from city to city and commit petty crimes in order that they may be imprisoned. They seem to enjoy imprisonment with the same gout that a consisseur mjoys good wine or brandy.

"I have overheard this class talking to-

jether," said Supt. Stoutenburgh. "They have said, 'Well, this is a better workhouse than the one at New York or Baltimore, and I guess I'll try the Sing Sing the next time, or the Albany prison, or the Washington

Just as the reporter was about to start from the workhouse a tall, mud-besmeared indi-vidual, bearing a pick and shovel, entered. He was the superintendent of the dead-house. "Can I have two prisoners," he asked

four or five 'stiffs' underground ?"

"Cortainly," responded Mr. Stoutenburgh, she have tryed convicts and grued them with pick and shovel for the ghastly work of burying paupers in potter's field. The deadhouse man stated to the re-porter that there were thirteen bodies in the deadhouse awaiting burial, and that they will all be consigned to mother earth before

next Monday, In company with the superintendent the reporter made a tour of the almshouse build-ings. In the stables, which have just been reflitted, were found hogs, cows, and fowl of fancy breeds. In the horse stables five condemned fire department horses stood quietly ernnehing their evening meal.
"The district authorities gave us these

horses," said Mr. Stoutenburgh. "They are good workers, and still possess some of the flery mettle of their former exciting experi-

Pointing in the direction of a number of fat hogs in a neighboring pen, the superin-tendent said: "I sold 8,000 pounds of pork last year, and the amount realized paid my

coffin shop was next visited, and a novel sight witnessed. Several prisoners in striped uniforms were busy making pine coffins for the pauper dead of Washington, under the superintendency of an old German carpenter. Over 800 coffins were made last

"This old German," said Mr. Stoutenburgh, "came here two years ago and has worked ever since without pay. He said to me, 'Dish place ish goot enuf for me, und I vili lif and die ride here.' He made that walnutpainted coffin in the corner of the room for himself, and day before yesterday he got into it to see if it was a good fit. He is a line it to see if it was a good fit. He is a line wood carver, and did most of the ornamental woodwork in the Stewart and other New York mansious in his younger days." Among the inmates of the pourhouse is a

were found several whose age exceeded one hundred years. Betsy Johnson, a frowsybusded old dame, has weathered the storms of 103 years, while several other old aunities reckoned their ages at figures ranging from 75 to 100 years. They presented a picturescue appearance in area at figures ranging from 75 to 100 years. They presented a picturesque appearance in the long ward with their heads covered with gaily-colored handkerchiefs. Among these old colored women was one who had been confined to her bed by paralysis for nine years. When the superintendent entered her room she said, "Boss, I wants sum biled cabbago, 'case I'se bin raised on it."

In the nursery devoted to colored children the reporter found a poor little blind girl. She was picked up on East Capitol street some time ago in a half frozen and starved condition. On account of its sufferings the child became blind soon after its admission into the almshouse.

mission into the almshouse

In the white department there is a man 35 years of age who has not stood erect for twenty-six years. He manages to get about the room by sitting in a chair and working back and forth.

In the hospital a sad array of sick men and women was found. One rather old man was

women was found. One rather old man was strapped to his bed. He was suffering with mania a potu and raved like a mainman. 'The cook in the capacious kitchen told the reporter that sixty gallons each of tea, coffee, and soup were required daily for the alms-house and workhouse. The roster of inmates yesterday showed:

In the workhouse, 153 persons; almshouse, 151; hespital, 71. Total, 375.
The entire institution was found in perfect order, the inmates well fed and cared for, and cleanliness a decided feature.

MARYLAND'S NEW SENATOR. sketch of the Career of Judge E. K. Wilson, Who Was Elected at Annapolts

Yesterday. BALTIMORE, Jan. 18 .- Hon. Ephriam K. Wilson was born Dec. 12, 1821, in Snow Hill, Worcester county, Md. His father, whose name he bears, was one of the most accomplished lawyers of his day, but died when his son was but a lad. His mother, Annie D. Wilson, was a daughter of Gen. John Gunby. Judge Wilson attended the academy in Snow Hill until he was 15 years old, and afterward was a clerk in a Philadelphia store for twelve months. At the end of that time Judge Asa Spencer, who had married his sister, assumed the expense of his education; sent him to Washington scademy, in this county, and then to Jefferson college, Cannonsburg, Pa., where he graduated in 1840. For six years afterward he taught school in Washington academy and Snow Hill academy, also studying law. In 1847 he was elected a member of the house of delegates for Worcesname he bears, was one of the most accommember of the house of delegates for Worcester county. In 1848 he opened an office in Snow Hill and practiced for twenty years with energy and success. His health failing, with energy and success. His health falling, he retired from practice in 1897 and wont to his farm, leaving his partner, John H. Handy, now of Baltimore city, in possession of his practice. In 1852 he was an elector on the Pierce and King ticket. In 1868 he was elected examiner and treasurer of the school board of Worcester county, but resigned in 1869. In 1872 he was elected to congress, and there examely a requisition scale on the school board of Worcester county, but resigned in 1869. In 1872 he was elected to congress, and there examely a requisition scale on the scale of the sca and there earned a reputation seldon ac-quired in one term. His speech on civil rights, and especially the mixed school propo-sition, was considered fully equal, if not susition, was considered folly equal, if not su-perior, to any delivered on that subject in either branch of the national legislature. He declined a renomination, however, and again retired to his farm. Upon the death of Judge Franklin, in the winter of 1878, the governor appointed him to the vacant seat on the bench of the first circuit, a place which he now holds. In 1853 he married Mary Dickerson, a daughter of Peter Dickerson, of Worcester county. She

Peter Dickerson, of Worcester county. She left him two children, William S. Wilson, a member of the state legislature from Wor-cester county in 1878, and Miss Emma Wilcester county in 1873, and Miss Emma Wil-son. In 1850 he married Julia A. Knox, daughter of James Knox, of Snow Hill, by whom he has had four children. In early manhood he united with the Presbyterian church, the church of his ancestors, and has always been an earnest defender of its faith. In an interview with Wm. T. Croasdale, of

In an interview with the land the Day, the leading democratic paper of the Day, the leading democratic paper of Maryland, on the election, he said: "Judge Wilson's election means that the bosses were so divided that none of them got what they so divided that none of them got what the wanted, and therefore the people of Marylane wanted, and therefore the people of Maryland secured for United States senator a man of proven ability, untarnished character, and political uprightness, and moreover a sound democrat, who really represents their views on living issues, and would have put them right before the country by voting for Carlisle had he been a member of the

resent house of representatives."

Telegrams from all over the state to-night indicate general satisfaction of democrats at the election of Judge Wilson. The senatorelect was found by your correspondent at his home, near Snow Hill. He expressed great ise at the result, which was to him wholly unexpected.

ONE HUNDRED LIVES LOST.

#### The Steamer City of Columbus Goes Down Off Gay Head.

Rosron, Jan. 18 .- It is reported that the steamship Columbia, from Mediterranean ports for Boston, has gone down off Gay Head with

The vessel lost off Gay Head is the steamer City of Columbus, Capt. Wright, of the Savannah line, which left Boston for Savannah yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock. F. W. Nickerson & Son, agents of the line, have received the following disputch:

eceived the following dispatch:

Fig. BiDpoint, Mas., Jain. 18.—F. W. Nickerox & Sox: Steamer City of Columbia astore on

everil's Eridge, Guy Head: fast creaking up

about 160 lives lost. Will leave up early train in

the morning. Saved by cutter Dexter.

S. E. Whither, Master.

## \$20,000 Damages Against a Railroad, PHILADELPHIA, PA., Jan. 18 .- The jury in

he suit of George R. Duncan against the Pennsylvania railroad company to recover damages for injuries to the plaintiff's property, at Twenty-third and Filbert streets erty, at Twenty-third and this city, by the construction of the Elevated railroad to-day returned a verdict awarding \$20,000 damages to plaintiff.

Death of a Talented Lady.

Boston, Jan. 18.—Eliza Susan Quincy, daughter of the late Josiah Quincy, for seventeen years president of Harvard college died in Quincy last night, aged 35 years. She was a great graud grandchild of Josiah Quincy, of revolutionary fame, and was her father's principal assistant during his loug

A Priest Run Over and Killed. NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., Jan. 18.—Emanuel

Burik, a Catholic priest, of Baltimore, was killed by a train on the Pennsylvania railroad at Adams station on Thursday night. He was 50 years of age, and letters from friends in New York were found on the body. Fallure of a Savings Bank.

#### PATCHOGUE, L. I., Jan. 18.—The Patchogue and Suffelk county banks closed its doors at noon to-day. The failure is for \$150,000

Great excitement prevails, as it is reported that the depositors will lose everything. The town tax collector loses \$20,000. CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

The business failures of the last seven days, a reported by telegraph to R. G. Dun & Co., numer for the United States 832, and for Canada 43, ra total of 135, 88 against a total of 251 the prejure work, an increase of ninety-two. This is negretates number of failures reported in any yeek, it is believed, since 1878. York mansious in his younger days."

Michael Tobin, who was convicted of mansang the inmates of the poorhouse is a family just from the famous Tewkebury (Mass.) almshouse. The family consists of a male cripple, his wife, and a puny child. In the apartment devoted to old colored women wently passed in the court of the poorhouse of the twenty-second of last Argust, has been sometimed by Judge Cowing to twenty years in state prison at hard labor. SOME SERIOUS FIRES.

A Factory in New York-The Steel Works in Newark and Other Buildings Burned -More Particulars of the Providence

NEW YORK, Jan. 18 .- The factory Nos. 123 and 125 West Twenty-eighth street, which was burned last night was a victim to the flames four years ago. After the occupants of the house No. 121 West Twenty-eighth street had been cleaned out the rear part of the east wall of the factory fell on the building, smashing it entirely clear down to the ground story. The rear of the houses in West Twenty-ninth street was scorched, but West Twenty-ninth street was morrhed, but they suffered no other damage. The losses foot up \$80,000, on which there is an insur-ance amounting to about one-half. The building belonged to the estate of Thomas H. Smith and Jacob B. Crane, and was valued, with its machinery, at \$30,000. This is a total loss. It is insured for \$20,000. The sale stables of James Frazer and Peter Snyder adjoining the forest were decomed by the adjoining the factory were damaged by the fall of a wall \$2,500. Their horses were saved. The damage to the reartenement 121 West Twenty-eighth street and the water damage to the front house will not exceed \$5,000. Fireman David McBride was slightly injured by falling glass. The water supply was not entirely adequate. The cause of the fire is not known.

The cause of the fire is not known.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Jan. 18.—The cause of the fire in the Vaughan building is this morning still unexplained. The walls and floors above the first floor are charred, and will need to be rebuilt. The roof has fallen in, but the walls remain intact, without a crack. The building was valued at from \$130,000 to \$140,000. The loss is \$50,000. Wm. R. Walker & Son, architects, lost \$50,000 in reference books, many of them imported, and plans of work, including those of the new Masonic hall, were damaged. Their insurance is \$2,000. Vincent & Carpenter, lawyers, loss \$1,000; insurance, \$2,000. Their insurance is \$2,000. Vincent & Car-penter, lawyers, lose \$1,000; insurance, \$2,000, in the Hamburg Firemen. F.S. Arnold's loss, \$3,000; insurance, \$800. Buffington loss, \$3,000; insurance, \$500. Buffington & Greene, flour dealers, insured for \$7,700, which will probably cover their loss; C: C. Mowbey, lawyer, insured for \$1,200; Rathbone Gardner, lawyer, insured for \$500, which covers loss. The offices of the Smithville, Elmwood, and Ashland Manufacturing company were damaged \$500 by water; no insurance. A number of other lawyers lose walls are the second of the smithville of the second of the small amounts, some of whom are not insured, while others have insurance sufficient

to cover losses. NEWARR, N. J., Jan. 18.—At 2 o'clock this morning a fire broke out in the big hammer department of the Newark Steel works. A large quantity of stock and valuable machinery was destroyed. The loss is estimated at \$15,000. The building and machinery are

at \$15,000. The building and machinery are insured for \$8,500.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Jan. 18.—Neal's paper board mill was burned last night, together with contents. The loss is about \$50,000; covered by insurance.

St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 18.—The Opera house at Washington, Kan., owned by E. C. Krowles and valued at \$20,000, was destroyed by fire early yesterday morning; insured for \$13,000. The store occupied by C. T. Little, in the same building, was also burned, causing a loss of \$24,000; insurance, \$15,000. J. H. Rockfeller, books and stationery, and the post-office were also destroyed, causing a loss of \$3,000. \$3,000.

JUNCTION CITY, KY., Jan. 18.—A fire yesterday destroyed Wells & Tuttle's general store, Turnbull & Co.'s store, and the postoffice. The total loss was \$3,500; insurance,

Fatal Botler Explosions.

HUNTER'S POINT, L. I., Jan. 18 .- The oiler attached to the range in the kitchen of the house occupied by Frank T. Sherwood, on Twelfth street, this city, exploded with terrific force at 10 o'clock, this morning, instantly killing Charles M. Therwood, a five-year-old son of Mr. Sherwood, fatally injuring Kellogg Sherwood, and burning Mrs. Sherwood so terribly that she will probably lose her eyesight. Everything in the room was destroyed. The accident is supposed to have been caused by the action of the suddon heat when the fire was started upon the water, on during the night.

ALLENTOWN, PA., Jan. 18.—An explosion occurred this morning in the mixing house of the Vulcan Dynamite company, near this ity, instantly killing John Druckenbone, saac Kramer, and Jacob Heffner, The odies were shockingly mutilated. Three others were slightly injured, and three small frame buildings were destroyed.

A Priest Murdered in His Bed. ROME, Jan. 18 .- Mgr. Cesare, a dignitary of the church, was murdered in his bed last night, and his room was plundered by the

From the Front.

A private telegram received from Frank fort by a member of the Kentucky delegation last night says that Mr. Blackburn's friends now feel more hopeful than ever, and believe that the result of the meetings being held at Louisville and other points in the state will be to inaugurate a break for their candidate very early in the coming week that will assure his election.

FEMALE CORRESPONDENTS. omething That Ought to Insure the Scalping of "Em."

"Em" in Troy Times. The female correspondents here are scandalized because Secretary Frelinghuysen has ordered his servants to exclude one of their number from his house. They threaten to make him odious all over the country. It seems that this person grossly assailed very reputable people here, and Mr. Frelinghuysen determined not to afford her any chance to insult his guests. These "society" correspond-ents are peculiar creatures. They go every-where, to receptions, parties, and balls, without invitation, merely announcing that they represent "the press." I do not undertake to explain why it is, but the average female writer has more than her share of spite, which they have no hesitation in dis playing. With them it is nearly always flat tery or attack. Many efforts have been made to freeze them out, but they are too persistent to take hints and you find them hovering on to take hints and you find thom hovering on the outskirts of receptions and parties, listen-ing to all the pleasant chat, and, in many cases, sadly betraying confidence and guying the guests. A lady told me the other day that her daughter, not more than 17 years old, had given a party shortly before, One of these society writers came and asked to be admitted. The next day her family were hurt at seeing in a paper that the daughter "was beautiful with gently-rounded charms, which need but a short time to give the trimost perfection of figure and person." Was not that a rather indelicate thing, and do you wonder that society writers are feared? For my own part, I do not blame Mr. Frelinghuysen nor any one else for wishing to maintain a decent privacy of their pri

Touching Jay Gould's Heart.

New York Times.

A little, black-bearded man was walking briskly up Broadway, yesterday afternoon, when a shivering tramp, who had been leiter-ing in front of Trinity church, stepped in front of him and said something in a low tone. The little man made no reply, but stepped to one side and continued his journey up town. The beggar slouched after him and said in a louder tone than before, "Please, cap, gi' me a few cents for a bowl of soup." and said in a louder tone than before, cap, gi' me a few couts for a bowl of soup," Even to this appeal the little man paid no attention, and would doubtless have succeeded in escaping from the importunate tramp had he not been stopped by a friend than magazed him conversation. The beggar crowded up closely as possible to the two

men and began a pitiful tale of distress. He was heard to say "and everything I possessed went in Wall street. Jay Gould and those follows get it." The little black-bearded man's bands went quickly down in his pocket and brought out a coin, which was placed on the dirty paim of the mendicant, with the words, "There, now, go away please." The fellow shufiled away, evidently without knowing that the little man who give him the money was Jay Gould himself. The other gentle-man was Cyrus W. Field.

DIXIE AND FRESH.

The Sad Sweet Romance of a Singed Cat.

New York Morning Journal. Dixie and Fresh were twin cats, and se closely resembled each other that even their this great, old-fashioned room, were lamps mother could not distinguish one from the easily lost identity to each behave as badly as possible and lay the blame on the other twin. As the misdemeanor could not be positively laid to either both generally escaped. Thus they grow to cathood. Here each one's duality again served both many good turus. When Dixie stole the next neighbor's Thanksgiving dinner, Fresh was arraigned for it, but easly proved an alibi by another neigh-bor, who asserted that he was with her cat at the time of the robbery. The twins became

the terror of a large area.

A new family moved into the neighborhood and brought with them a lovely calico maiden cat, who was immediately besieged by all the feline beaus, and the ground was strown with hair before the suitors were instrowed down to Dixie and Fresh. Then there was one too many. The object of their solicitude, Fedora, could not tell one from the other. In the late war of which she was the cause each had lost an ear, and, by a strange fatality, it was the right ear of each which was missing. One night Fresh lingered too long at supper,

and did not go out at the time his twin did, and as a result he was looked in the base-ment to catch a troublesome rat. He dashed to the window and saw Dixie and Fedora going off together. His natural flow of lan-guage was not equal to the necessity of the occasion, so he kept quiet and thought up plans of getting outside. He looked for an open window or a broken pane of glass, but found everything sealed. There were no gates ajar. He ran around the room in an agitated state of mind, as he knew that his faithless brother and Fedora were on the kitchen roof by this time. As he ran he suddenly felt a draft and he stopped before the open fireplace. Looking up he saw the stars shining some listance off.

By means of jutting bricks Dixie reached the next story and rested for a while in a ro-cess. The chimney was cool, and he could see no smoke above. He climbed about sixty feet without stopping. Except being covered with soot he was all right. He again rested on a ledge and peered up. He thought he could cover the distance in one more trip, could cover the distance in one lifere trip, and proceeded. Only ten feet between him and the summit. He had just passed the last stovepipe leading to the chimney and consider himself safe, when an old maid on the top floor started a roar ing fire, and flaues and smoke beliched under Dixie's devoted tail. Blinded, frightened and ringed, he reached the top. He was a much changed reached the top. He was a much changed cat. His whiskers was shaved off, his glossy cont was frizzled. Somehow he felt he had lost a section of his tail.

lost a section of his tail.

Looking over the edge of the roof Dixie was staggered by the distance to the kitchen roof below, where he saw two specks which his mind told him were Fresh and Fedora. A water spout led to the spot, and he took passage on the outside of the leader. Paw under paw he lowered himself. His kept his every over his right shoulder had been seen to be the section. under paw he lowered himself. He kept his eye over his right shoulder and saw the figures below increase in size. He was not mistaken in their indentity. They were too busily engaged to notice him, and he jumped the remaining ten feet and landed before

fled, Dixie behind, calling them. But even his voice seemed changed and only hurried them the faster. The flying pair separated in the yard and the singed cat stopped to breathe. When morning came he applied for admission to his old home, but was promptly kicked out and his twin brother chased him over the fence and far away. He never went back. The family that disowned him still wonder what became of the catthey locked in the basement.

The felines, startled at the cat specter,

FOR THE PEERLESS.

"I beg a thousand pardons for coming so late." "My dear sir," replied the lady gra-ciously, "no pardons are needed. You can never come too late."

The deep bass of the organ ceased suddenly in a church in Lewiston, Me, when a lady's voice was heard by the whole congregation distinctly to declare, "I don't care one bit; I want a piano." "When a man gets a stitch in his side while

then a man gets a stitch in his side while at church he is apt to lose the thread of the discourse." Of course; and when he gets hemmed in by a crowd of pretty girls, it seams good.— Yonkers Statesman. A Chicago man shot at his wife, but her corsets caused the ball to glance and saved

her life. And yet men whose names are enrolled high up on the scroll of fame assert that corsets are injurious to the health. Spring-bottom pants are now in fashion

They enable the suspecting young man to spring out of danger the moment a lady of uncertain age leaps in his direction. This will take half the horrors out of leap year.—

Scientists have written about the pleasure of kissing, and the paragraphers are daily and weekly discussing the matter, but it seems to us that the pleasure of kissing must depend largely upon who is the owner of the opposite pair of lips, -Somercille Journal.

Married men cannot be too careful. A Philadelphia woman is going to apply for divorce because she found a hairpin in his cket, and yet he is willing to swear that he only used it instead of a shingle nail to tem-porarily replace a suspender button.—Phila-

An auxious father in Fort Gaines, Ga. who was desirous of hearing the coversation between his daughter and her dudelet, posted himselr in hearing distance, recently, and listened for two solid hours. The following are the only words he heard during that time: He: "If lovie die, what'll dovie do?" She: "Dovie die, too."

Young Simpson (to the levely Felicia as they stand on the plazza in the moonlight): Miss Felicia, this world looks so dreary and lonely to mo. I feel as though no one loves me. Felicia (in a sympathetic tone): Oh. Mr. Simpson, God loves you. Simpson, after a thoughtful pause, suggests they go in, as it is growing chilly.—Life.

Regularly each year for the past twentytwo years a Delaware woman name! Peach has given birth to a child, and regularly each year, right in the face of this fact, newspaper year, right in the face of this fact, newspaper men of the Ananias brand have unblush-ingly asserted that the Delaware Peach crop was a failure. Can truth erailed to earth in this heartless manner ever rise again?—

"Ah." said the nice young man with bangs "Ah, said the three young man with osang, as the little boy let him in the other evening.
"Ah, my little man, is your sister at home?"
"Yes, she's home, but she ain't expecting you." "And how do you know she isn't expecting me?" "Cause I heard her tell ma that you're too mean to hire a horse and slatch, and she dign't expect to see a sign of sleigh, and she didn't expect to see a sign of you while the snow lasted." The little boy is now saddest when he sits.—Middletown

The Garfield Church.

The dedication of Garfield Memorial Christian church takes place to-morrow. President W. K. Pendleton, of Bethany college, will preach the dedicatory sermon, and Hon. E. M. Bishop, of Ohio, will make the historiENGLISH HOMES.

Social Custom: in an English Country House in the Holidays.

Robert Laird Collier in Boston Herald, A few minutes before 7:30 I was shown to the drawing room, where already were gathered the family and most of the guests. Up to now, I had seen no one but servants, but, when my name was mentioned, the host and daughter moved toward me, and I was received with warmest cordiality. I had seen already in London dimly lighted houses especially drawing rooms, but really this was so dark I could only, with difficulty, recognize faces. Of course, vulgar gas was excluded from the house. Here and there in upon little tables, and a few candles. And The twins took advantage of their in every instance they were shaded so as to subdue and soften the light. The room was like a "whispering gallery." Everybody was talking, but talking as if in whispers. This talking, but talking as if in whispers. This was the tone of speech through the dinner and until the ladies left the table, and then conversation became general in somewhat londer voices, though well-bred English people never speak in a loud voice, and most English people are well bred. We sat at the table perhaps half an hour after the ladies had left, when after-dinner wines and coffee were served, and then we joined the ladies in the drawing room, where tea was served. Here the conversation became general, and as animated as drawing conversation ever is, or, perhaps, ever ought to be. Then a little music, also a "rubber at whist;" then the gentlemen repaired to the billiard room for smoking, billiards, and— "brandy and soda." Perhaps I ought to say "brandy and soda." Porhaps I ought to say I had never up to that time seen ladies in such "full dress" for a house dinner. Most of the ladies were in fuller dress than I had ever seen before "off the stage," and I hardly know what to do about it. "I was kind of ashamed." But everything is in custom. It is all one when you get used to a thing. About midnight the host, rather an elderly centless. is all one when you get used to a thing. About midnight the host, rather an elderly gentleman, excused himself and retired. I also started off with him, and, when I asked the breakfast hour, was told not to permit myself to be disturbed in the morning, but to breakfast when I liked, my host adding: "I think it very bad manners, y' know, to disturb a guest in the mornings." However, I was in the morning and the light the sentences and him to a light the sentences and him the sentences.

time to join the gentleman and his eldest daughter at breakfast at about 9:30. During my visit there was a formal, and sometimes rather large, dinner party each evening, and the dinner itself was always of a thoroughly good but routine sort. All English dinners are much alike, always good, but always a bit heavy. Given the four seasons of the year, and one always knows what one is going to have when invited out to dinner. I have been to four dinner parties in the week, and had pretty nearly the same dinner each time. Were it not a good dinner, and always perfectly served, one would get very tired of it. Speaking of dinner com-panies I was immensely amused one evening when, coming in from a drive, I said to the butler: "Head, who is to be at dinner this evening?" when, with exceeding pomposity, Head replied: "Nobody of importance, sir." However, there were two officers of the army at dinner, and they thought, no doubt, they were of considerable importance. However, butlers in great families in England are themselves most important personages, and disdain to consider untitled people of any conse-quence, except they be foreigners, which hap-pened to be my claim to consideration.

SWELLS BECOME MORE SWOLLEN. How a Follower of Audrew Jackson Revived Old Times.

New York Morning Journa'.

He was a fit subject for guying. His pants were put on in such a way that the hip pocket was most convenient. His coat, of ancient cut, had lost one tail, but two brilliantly polished buttons still adorned it. Through the holes in his quasi Panama hat the cold wind was playing with his long gray hair. Entering a broker's office, he said quietly:

"Won't some of you young gentlemen help an old soldier?" The boys let out ou him: "By Jove, donchew know," said one, "he looks as if he'd fallen off the elevated tram-

way." "I say, old chappie," drawled another, "fn-ancy bra-andy is the only enemy-aw-you've evaw faced," and so on through the

you've evaw faced," and so on through the crowd.

The old fellow suddenly straightened himself up. A memory of days long passed seemed to rejuvenate him. Drawing off a tattored glove from one hand and a stocking from the other he sailed in. One swell went through the glass partition into the private office, another swashed the ticker in his office, another smashed the ticker in his flight, a third tried to hide himself in the ment, a third tried to hide himself in the tape basket. As the old chap walked out he picked up a pocketbook some one had dropped, and muttered: "It's funny if a man who fit with Andrew Jackson can't cit awar with

Jackson can't git away with people who only pretend to be British."

Small Space, but Well Filled. John Lang, editor of the New York Gasette, having once alluded to McDonald Clarke, the poet, as "that fellow with zigzag brains," the insulted poet rushed into the sanctum of the Commercial, then conducted by Col. Stone, blazing with fury.

"Do you see, colonel," said he, "what Johnny Lang says of me? Hu calls me a felow with zigzag brains."
"Well, so you are," said the colonel. think it is a very happy description of you. "Oh! that's all very well for you to say,' torted McDonald. "I'll take a joke from etorted McDonald.

retorted McDouald. "The take a joke from you, but Johnny Langshall not destroy my well-carned reputation. Zigzag brains, for-sooth! Zigzag brains—think of it, colonel! I must have a chance to reply to him in your pa per How much space do you want?" replied

"How much space do you want? replied the colonel.
"I think I could use him up in a column and a hair," said McDonald.
"A column and a hair," said the colonel.
"Stuff! you shall have no such space. I'll give you just four lines, and if that will auswer, fire away, but not a line more."
The poet, thus driven into a narrow corner, and on the said water water of the follow.

sat down and instantly wrote off the following neat epigram:
If ean tell Johnny Lang in the way of a laugh,
In reply to his rude and unmannerly scrawl,
That in my humble sonse it is better by half
To have brains that ere signag than no brains
at ail.

"There, colonel," said he, "let Johnny Lang put that in his pipe and smoke it." An Odd Fellows' Pound Party.

Metropolis lodge, I. O. O. F., held a pound earty last night at Moore's hall for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the deceased members. A large contribution of articles was received, in the shape of clothing, money, fucl, &c. A select literary and musical programme was then given. A present of a gold Odd Fellows' emblem was made to Mr. J. J. Weaver by Mr. M. D. Brainard, on behalf of lodge, to which Mr. Weaver responded in a few words of thanks. in a few words of thanks.

The St. Cecelia Concert. The concert of the St. Cecelia quartette at

the Congregation church on Wednesday evening presents, besides the singers included in the quartette, an array of popular names that promise an enjoyable evening.

The Weather.

Rains, with unner in northern partion, followed dur-ug Saturday Wight by econoling weather, variable ids, generally shifting to westerly, falling, followed Yesterday's thermometer: 7 a. m., 28.50; 11 s. m. 26.0°; Sp. m., 40.4°; 7 p. m., 40.6°; 11 p. m., 57.9°; maximum, 40.8°, minimum, 25.8°. Precipitation,

# GOLDEN WORDS.

A Fifty Millionaire Opens His Mouth and Freely Discourses.

C. P. Huntington on Legislation, Land Grants, and Persons."

He Proposes to Let the Bastern Roads Fight the Interstate Commerce Bill.

His Letters Merely a Reflex of the Times, Nothing More.

"I understand that you made an argument before the house committee on public lands to-day?" said a REPUBLICAN reporter to Mr. C. P. Huntington in his parlors at Willard's

"Well, I gave them a little talk," said Mr. Huntington; "explained our views of the matter, but I can't tell what they will do

about it." "On what grounds did you claim that the grant to the California and Oregon should not

be forfeited ?" "The grant was made for a road from the Central Pacific to Portland. We were to build noth to the state line, and another company was to build south from Portland to meet us. We went at the work, but the other company failed. Then we stopped, for it would have been useless to have built to the state line and had no connection north. Besides that, it was the most difficult road to build that we ever undertook. But as soon as the northern part got into strong hands and we were assured that it would be built we began work again, and have got the heavjest part of it done. We claim that we are

equitably entitled to our part of the grant." "What about the Texas Pacific grant?" "Oh, we shall keep that I have the opinions of four of the ablest lawyers in the country and they say the land is ours by law and nobody can take it away from us with-

out paying us for it."
"Then I understand that if congress declares the grant forfeited you will appeal to the courts?"

"We shall, and it will be a very bad thing for those territories if congress declares that grant forfeited, for the courts will keep all that land tied up for twenty years while we are fighting it."

fighting it."
"Do you think the bill will pass?"
"Not if these legislators stop to think about
it. This country isn't ready yet to override
all vested rights. The equities are all with all vested rights. The equities are all with us and the law is with us. We've earned that grant. It was made to the Texas Pacific company or its assigns on condition that it build a road over a certain line in a certain time. We are the assigns of the Texas Pacific; we've built the road over that line, and we've built it within the specified time. To be sure, they say that I said I would build the road without any grant, but that makes no difference. The government didn't secept any such proposition from me. If the government had told ms to go ou and build the road without any grant, and had brought me a centrast, perhaps I would have signed it, and perhaps I wouldn't. What I said I could or would do has nothing to do with the matter. You can't make a trade without there are two can't make a trade without there are two parties to it, can you? There's no equitable reason, no just reason, no financial reason for trying to forfeit that grant. There isn's any political reason for doing it except, maybe, in some very small kind of politics." "Don't you think the publication of those letters of yours will have a bad effect upon

congress, and make the passage of a bill forfeiting your grant more favorable nothing in those letters that I want to take back or apologize for. They were the reflex of the day. If I were to write them now I of the day. If I were to write them now I should speak differently of some men, because I know them better now than I did then, but I don't want to change a word in them.

They were the reflex of that day, and ex-pressed my feeling at that time, and I think there are some pretty good things in them." Mr. Huntington's face took on a very cheer-ful, not to say merry, expression as he con-tinued: "Four men came to me about thus letters at different times before they were published. They said they were friends of mine; that Thornton had the letters, and they thought they could get them. I told these men that it would be a good idea for them to get the letters. They said it would teem to get the letters. They said it would cost something, they supposed. I said I thought they could make something out of them even if they had to pay something for them. They were good, spicy letters, and probably somebody would like to buy them. Then these friends of mine gote closer to me, and explained that I was to buy them. The and explained that I was to buy them. The devil, said I, what do I want of the letters? Why, I wrote them. I know what's in them, Let some fellow that base't read them buy them. There's lots of good things, lots of

Then Mr. Huntington said, more seriously: "No, I don't believe those letters have done me any hurt. I rather think they will done good on the rebound. I have haif a done letters about them already from men in Calfornia, not exactly friends of mine, but men whom I know, who say there are many good hings in the lefters."
"Do you think, Mr. Huntington, that this

ongress will pass an interstate commerce bill ?"
"I hardly think it will. I don't believe

"I hardly think it will. I don't believe that the people of this country scriously intend to take the control of property away from its ownership. You see where that would end? After a time there would be no ownership. I think a man neight to own his railroad property like other property. He ought to own it subject, of course, to taxation and to such police regulations as the states may fix upon, but not different from other property. We are willing to pay taxes, but we want to pay them just as we do on other property. They tax railroads differently from other property. tax railroads differently from other property in California, and therefore we have refused to pay and they have sued us. It's all done under the constitution and laws passed when the state was in the control of the granger—no, not the granger, but the communist—the hoodlum government. No, sir; I don't think this nation will take control from owner-ship."

You and your associates will take a hand in the discussion of the subject, I suppose?"
"I don't think I shall. I have been fighting here in Washington for twenty years now, and when this interstate commerce busness came up I said I should stand aside and at the lighting be done by some of the other cllows, who have dollars in interest where I have mills. Let the Pennsylvania, for in stance, or the New York Central, do some fighting. Why, the New York Central does more business in a day than the Central Palife does in a week. It is more interested

"Will not all those things have the effect of depreciating the value of railroad prop-

"They have done so. There has been considerable shrinkage for the past year, but I think it is about over. We are at the lowest point, and I look for a rise in values rather than a fall. Prices are like the tide; there's a low time and a high time, but it doesn't

cause me any anxiety. I never speculate. It never bought anything I didn't pay for, and I never sold anything I didn't own." Mr. Huntington left the hotel at 9:50 o'clock last night to take the train for New York, and thereby an interesting interview was not short. was cut short,